

## i've got an itch, you've got an emptiness

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# i've got an itch, you've got an emptiness

by [kattyshack](#)

## Summary

Mal asks if it's alright. That's kind of him. But he was always kind, wasn't he? Was that why she'd wanted him?

*It's certainly not why you want me.*

Trust the Darkling to make this all about him.

(Or: Alina's bond with the Darkling proves to be more than she'd bargained for.)

((OR, to quote the text from @redbelles that started this whole thing: "alina fucks mal and is appalled to realize she spent the entire time wishing it were the darkling — who catches wind of this via their bond and is like 'here lemme help u with that'"))

(title from "monster," by ron pope)

## Notes

a/n: i wrote this for three reasons:

1. it's meg's fault
2. my dormant ben barnes crush is back for no reason except ^^^
3. frankly i've lost control of my life. it's in meg's hands now.

my dudes, i have never read the books or watched the show or have any interest in doing either. i do sincerely apologize if this fic is way off base (preeeetty sure i took some Liberties w how their bond works), i'm honestly just here for funsies. like, i saw like two gifsets and thought \*paris hilton voice\* that's hot. so, badda bing badda boom, here we are.

and also, yk, MEG. my entire inspo here — from interest in the ship to the entire basis of this fic to all the little details i wouldn't have known otherwise — is 100% credit to her. i had mondo fun with it and could not have done it without her. what a fckin dime that woman is, even if she /has/ completely obliterated my peaceful demisexual existence.

anyway here's ur porn bc i think y'all are Neat



She doesn't know why she's doing this.

Or — she knows why she's doing it. Because she needs *something*.

She just doesn't know why she's doing it with Mal.

Mal, who never wanted her 'til someone else did. Who never saw her 'til her own eyes went all dreamy — oh, she hates that, *dreamy*, but she can admit it at least to herself — in a different direction. Who never wanted to touch her the way he touched every other girl he felt like, until her own hands itched to be full of someone else's hair.

The Darkling may have wanted her power, fine. But Mal never wanted her at all, until he thought he didn't have the chance anymore.

If it's between her power and her personhood — Saints help her, Alina doesn't know where one part of her stops and the other starts.

She doesn't know why she's doing this. She keeps telling herself that, over and over again, like it's some sort of absolution. She just wants to *feel* something.

Mal kissed her first. He'd come into her tent, purposeful, confident, and kissed her like it was something he'd always wanted to do.

It wasn't, otherwise he would have done it sooner. But she let him, anyway, because she thought she should. This is what she'd wanted for so long, isn't it?

Alina tries to drum up all that old want — all that pining that used to make her feel like she could rip her own guts out and not feel a thing, because all her feelings were wrapped up in Mal. Mal, and whoever he'd decided to spend the night with.

*Whoever* was never her.

Why does she want him now?

*Well, Alinochka, I don't think you do.*

Alina's eyes flare open. It's hard to see anything past Mal's eyelashes. His pretty, thick eyelashes that flutter with flirtation any time a pretty girl passes by.

But she doesn't think there's anything there for her to see. It was just a passing thought, something sad and desperate that's been creeping up and down through her bones, like shadows lengthening in the cloudless moonlight.

It's nothing, really.

So why are her eyes still open?

She used to love Mal's eyelashes. She used to hate them, too, because for all their flirtatious fluttering — well. He was never looking at her. Alina wants to get over that but, gods above and below, does it hurt.

Even now, when he's got his tongue in her mouth, and she doesn't feel any which way about his eyelashes at all.

She doesn't want to be an afterthought. A consolation prize. A balm for anyone's bruised ego. But then, she doesn't really want to be a saint, either. Getting what she wants has never been much a part of this.

So she kisses him back. Her head's not in it, much less her heart or — well, fine, her *cunt* — but it's just a little back-and-forth muscle movement, isn't it? She can kiss Mal back just as well as she's ever walked alongside him.

*Oh, lapushka, come now. You know it's not the same.*

Well, of course it's not the same, Alina thinks, without quite knowing why she's arguing with this voice in her head in the first place. Mal's never kissed her before. She just needs to get used to it.

*Get used to it?* That voice in her head scoffs. It sounds like Aleksander.

Now *that*, she can feel in her cunt.

Of course she bloody can.

It makes her want to scream; whether that's in irritation or pleasure, frankly she has no idea. She wants to say irritation. She wishes she could say it, wishes she could swear — her life, her power, whatever she wants out of either of them — on it.

Damn it all to —

*You shouldn't have to get used to it. You should want it.*

She wants it just fine. Alina kisses Mal back, harder, like she's got something to prove.

The voice in her head smirks. She doesn't know how, she can just feel it — a mouth curling up at one corner, a puff of laughter, like the crook of fingers and hot breath, the chafe of a beard where Mal's cheeks are smooth, on her skin —

*The way you want me.*

*Isn't that right, milaya?*

Alina is. Not going to answer that.

There's a *tsk*, a little nagging thing that hums in her veins. How is it that Aleksander's disapproval thrums down deep in her gut, meanwhile Mal's hands up her tunic don't so much as raise goosebumps in their wake?

Mal should be what she wants. She used to. It's easy between them, uncomplicated —

*Dull.*

*Oh, what do you know?* Alina snaps. She cards her fingers through Mal's hair; it's too short. She swallows a pitiful, disappointed whine.

*Now, now.* Another *tsk*. *You can do better than that.*

Alina's stubbornness isn't what stops her short this time; she honestly doesn't know what he means. But that's nothing particularly new. Aleksander was always saying something she didn't quite understand at first. Always something cryptic, like he thought that made him clever —

*Behave, Alinochka.*

It's her turn to smirk. Mal must mistake it for a smile, for encouragement, because his hands slip from beneath her hem to undo the ties of her trousers.

*Is that what you want?*

It's a yes-or-no question. Simple, and yet Alina doesn't have such a cut-and-dry answer. It's the same way she felt when he'd kissed her: She doesn't mind it, and she might as well, whatever her feelings. She hardly knows what those are, just that she's tired and confused and if Mal's going to make her feel good, well, she'll go ahead and let him.

*I can feel your enthusiasm from here,* Aleksander says, dry as the paper she used to make her maps out of.

She imagines him leaning back in the chair in his study, or perhaps even on his throne. Thumb stroking his chin thoughtfully, one inky black eyebrow hitched slightly higher than the other, as he looks her over. As if she's worth the consideration.

In her mind's eye, his gaze tracks her up and down, and a frisson of pleasure follows.

Alina clings to Mal's shoulders to ground herself. They're sitting on her unfurled bedroll, legs tangled and his hand working between her thighs, and even still she feels like her knees are about to give out. Not because of Mal's hand, not for any other reason it *should* be. But because she can feel Aleksander's gaze like a lover's caress down the curve of her neck.

There's that smirk again. Perhaps she really should have behaved herself.

*Too late now.* He sounds almost bored. *Are you going to fuck him, Miss Starkov?*

Another frisson, another yes-or-no. Alina assumed that's where this was going, but how can she now? She's barely paid attention to Mal's fingers in her cunt, too distracted by Aleksander's voice curling through her bloodstream like poison, like wine. How can she let Mal keep this up, when it's Aleksander she wants to have his way with her?

What is *wrong* with her, that she wants the Darkling to use her up any way he sees fit?

She's so tired of not knowing what she's supposed to want.

*Relax, Alina.*

The command takes her off-guard enough for her muscles to loosen, to flutter around Mal's probing fingers. He's saying something, too, face buried in her neck. She doesn't catch it. She stares up at the moonlight filtering through the tent's thin roof, the spindly shadows of tree branches, and tries to keep her jaw unclenched.

*My little Sun Summoner. So tense.* The click of his tongue pops like firecrackers in her ear. Alina's toes curl. *Let him fuck you, if you need to punish me further. But I'll be the one who makes you come.*

Alina snorts. She turns it into a moan, for Mal's sake.

*You think I can't?* Aleksandar challenges, still dryly enough that he must know something else she doesn't. *You should have stayed. I have so much more to teach you. About me, about you, about what we could do together...*

His voice is nothing but a whisper in her head, but Alina feels it like breath on her skin, like lips suckling at the edge of her ear.

But it's Mal on top of her, unknotting the ties on his own pants now. His fingers are wet. She didn't come — she would have noticed *that*, surely — but he must figure she's ready as she'll ever be to take his cock.

*He's not even going to use his mouth, is he?* Aleksander sounds like he's rolling his eyes. *Aren't you going to ask him for it?*

Why should she? She won't be able to pay attention to it.

*No need to be so testy, Miss Starkov,* he chides her. *No matter; I'll give you mine.*

How — *oh.*

Alina gasps at the warm, wet stroke of a tongue up her slit. It's so real, so *potent*, that for a moment she thinks Mal must be giving her his mouth, after all.

One glance at him nips that. He's fisting his cock to guide it, hovering over her so she can't see the moonlight anymore. He asks if it's alright. That's kind of him. But he was always kind, wasn't he? Was that why she'd wanted him?

*It's certainly not why you want me.*

Trust the Darkling to make this all about him.

*Not all about me,* he says, like they're in the middle of a lesson, like it's a simple fact she'll need to reconcile if she wants to hone her powers any better. *I said I wanted to make you come, didn't I? No, solnyshka, this is all about you.*

It's dark enough that Alina can roll her eyes and get away with it. She doesn't think Mal would take too kindly to that, if he saw her do it right as he's pushing his cock into her.

Aleksander's laughter rings in her ears, as rich and dark as the kefta he'd given her in his colors.

*Do you know, that's nearly enough to snuff my jealousy.*

*Only nearly, though, I'm afraid.*

Oh, she does *not* like the sound of that.

There's a sudden, biting pinch around her clit, a throbbing pain as the blood in her head rushes down to beat incessantly in her cunt. Even with Mal's shallow strokes in and out of her, she feels empty. Her muscles ache, her back arches, body seeking *more*, seeking *something* —

*You won't get it from him.*

Alina very nearly sobs. She nearly screams. She did this to feel something, she did it to feel *good*. Won't he let her have that?

*When I say you can.*

*How many times do I have to tell you? I want to make you come. You're mine. You want my hands, my mouth, my cock. You want to be dressed in my kefta, my crown, until I strip you bare and keep you all to myself.*

*That's what you want, isn't it? I can feel your heartbeat in your cunt, milaya; don't lie to me.*

Alina grits her teeth. If that's what she wanted, then she wouldn't have left.

*You have his cock inside you and you're still punishing me. How much can a man be expected to take?*

There's another hot flash of wet up her slit. For a moment, Alina thinks that it's over, that Mal just came all over her and she can go to bed. Unsatisfied, perhaps feeling worse than she did before this started, but at least she can be done with the facade.

*No, Alina, not yet.* A sigh, resigned, like she's not quite catching on but he's willing to indulge her impatience. *I'll give you what you want.*

There it is again, that suction, those warm puffs of air like a summer night's breeze between her thighs. It's a feeling completely separate from Mal's weight, his hips, the scratch of his body hair. It's as though she's in and out of her body all at once.

It's suffocating. It's overwhelming.

She digs her nails deep into Mal's shoulders, harsh enough to draw blood. Aleksander would like that; it's probably what he wanted.

*Move your hips now, there's a love. Let him think you're fucking him back.*

Alina does as she's told, rolling her hips along to an unfamiliar rhythm. It must work just fine for Mal, because his hands stay planted on the ground, his face stays in the crook of her neck. His breath is hot and sticky on her skin, dampening her hair with every humid grunt.

*Slower, lapushka.* Aleksander's voice is hushed, a murmured instruction that makes her heart flutter like the clench of her cunt.

A phantom touch cups her hips, easing them into that slower pace. More patient, purposeful, like she knows what she's after and how to get it.

She hasn't the slightest idea.

*That's what I'm here for.*

*I can show you what you want, solnyshka. And then I can give it to you.*

Fingertips ghost down her arms. It's still not Mal, that she knows right away. He may have never touched her like this before, but she still knows his hands. They're broader and rougher and *intentional*.

Aleksander's hands are calloused in places, too, but his fingers are long and he *lingers*. Always teasing, always not quite giving her what she wants, but it's just as he said — he knows precisely what that is. It's how he knows how to make her wait for it.

She will, if that's what it takes. She's so wound-up, to hell with it, Alina can shutter her stubborn nature if it means getting what she wants out of this. It had been such a simple desire, hadn't it? To feel good, that was all.

If she has to give Aleksander a little something in return — even if that little something is her submission, well...

Isn't she tired of her pedestal, anyway?

*Yes, I'd much sooner have you on your back.*

That's not particularly comfortable, either. Alina arches her back again, this time to wriggle a hand underneath to dig a twig out of her spine.

*You'd be in my bed, Miss Starkov,* he drawls. The twig flicks out of her grip. *No foliage there, I assure you.*

No, she's sure that's the truest thing he's ever said to her.

*I've said truer,* he argues. *I'll say a few more, shall I?*

It strikes her as odd, as *ridiculous*, that she can argue with the Darkling while she's being steadily fucked by someone else.

*Must you keep bringing him up?*

As if Aleksander wasn't the one who started this.

*You're an absolute headache, Alina.* The ghostlike grip on her hips urges her faster now. The blood humming in her clit starts to sing. *I should have taken you to bed and kept you there from the first. All I want to hear from you is whatever you sound like when I make you come. Is that clear?*

Alina doesn't swallow her whimper this time. The phantom touches aren't enough, she wants his voice in her head to be louder, she wants him inside of her so badly that *this* must be what desire feels like. *This* is want, this is what she was trying to feel when Mal kissed her.

Aleksander is nothing but curling shadows in her tent, and she feels him more than the weight of a lover on top of her.

*Just as I wanted. Lovely girl.*

It's the dead of night, but the praise makes sunbeams tingle in her fingertips, and sunlight spark in her nerve endings. Warmth rushes through her body like it's a cloudless high noon.

*There you are.* His words are just as warm, and sinfully indulgent. *There's my Sun Summoner. Look how you shine when you're with me, Alinochka. Wouldn't you like to stay? Wouldn't you like to see what you could do to me?*

She's beginning to wonder why she left. She's a slave to everyone else, anyway — their savior, their saint, a prisoner in her own skin, with a power that's barely her own, *nothing* is her own.

If she's going to be a slave, let her at least have this.

*Do you want to come, milaya?* Aleksander's voice is hot, like he's been panting into the depths of her hair. *Don't say his name.*

As if she could remember anyone else's name.

Still rich, still dark, but pained, too, as if he's on the edge alongside her, Aleksander's chuckle stirs the fine hairs along the nape of her neck. *Good girl.*

Heat flares up from that same deep, unnameable place inside of her that calls the sun. Those phantom hands are back, all over her at once — in her hair, at her waist, between her legs. That mouth, that tongue, the pulsing back-and-forth of his breath, the beat of his untouchable heart —

*As if you haven't gotten your saintly little hands on it.*

*Now let me make a heretic out of you.*

Light bursts hot in her chest and white behind her eyes. She moans, high and needy, shattering the still night, for just a moment before she clamps her lips shut tight. She wants to

beg him for more. She wants to say his name.

*You're lovely when you come, Alinochka. You'll make a man believe in gods again.*

Alina has her doubts about that.

She lets them go as she comes down. Her body hums with latent pleasure, thick and warm like honey, and she doesn't want to think about her doubts — in Aleksander, in herself. In that dark, unfathomable chasm that seems to surround them, drawing a line in the sand between them and everything she thought she was meant to do.

Though, truthfully, that chasm is the only thing she's beginning to have any faith in. She just doesn't know if it's the right thing. It can't be, can it, and yet...

Perhaps he'd already made a heretic out of her, long before tonight.

She can't think, not when her skin is tingling, when her cunt's soaked. When she can feel the ghost of his mouth lapping up the sweat on her neck.

Distantly, she's aware that Mal's finished, too, and that her bedroll's a mess because of it. Unpleasant, and honestly a bit dreadful. But better there than inside her, she supposes.

*Agreed.*

Right. So he's stuck around for pillow talk, has he?

*Very clever.* He doesn't really think so, and he doesn't care if she knows it. *I'm not finished with you yet.*

Mal is, apparently. He gave her a smile, a sticky kiss to her temple, and rolled over, dead to the world and deaf to his snores. Alina can't hold that against him; the grass makes her nose stuffy and her throat itch, too.

*Yes, he's quite a catch, your tracker.*

She sighs.

*Was it all you'd ever hoped for?*

Now he's just being cruel. Sarcastic, she might say, but his obvious agitation gives him away. Alina stares resolutely up at the thin cover her tent provides, as if Aleksander is beside her and can feel the brunt of her cold shoulder.

*Is this what you want?* he persists, because of course he does. *We both know it's not.*

He doesn't know anything.

*I know you only came because I told you to. I know how badly you want me to do it again.*

*Do you know how desperately I want to?*

There's that twinge in her clit again, that ache in her ribcage, that spark in every trench and valley of her body. That *wanting*. She curls her hands into fists, nails biting into her palms.

*I know everything you want. Everything you think you shouldn't.*

*I'll let you want it. I'll give it to you.*

Alina closes her eyes, counts her breaths. *One, two, three...* The tick of her pulse doesn't cease, least of all when she feels the rasp of a beard along her collarbone.

*Come back to me, solnyshka. Behave yourself, and perhaps I'll atone for the tracker's mistakes, with my tongue up your cunt until you've forgotten he was ever there at all.*

*Sankta Alina*, his voice croons in her ear. The ghost of his fingers are curled around her neck, thumb pressed into the sweaty hollow of her throat. *You want to be worshipped, don't you?*

When he puts it like that... Alina slaps at a mosquito on her thigh, and feels another one of those low chuckles in her ear. Perhaps her pedestal isn't, after all, the worst thing in the world.

## End Notes

a/n: maybe i'll write a chapter 2... 🤔

now everyone go @ meg to finish writing her iteration of this prompt

tumblr: @majicmarker

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Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!